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"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"



DEMOCRACY'S OPPORTUNITY.

REPUBLICAN :—"Hey, what can I do without them?"

DEMOCRACY :—"What have you done with them—only cast them off!"

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. BUNNER

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Arabi Bey is a man of endurance and is fertile of resource. He professed loyalty to the Khedive until the Khedive refused to recognize him. He pretended to have profound respect for the Sultan until that weak and vacillating apology for a potentate threatened to send troops against him. He tried to be everybody's friend, but nobody whose friendship was worth having would reciprocate the regard. At last he has been obliged to fall back on malcontents and others whose character for honesty stands on about the same footing as his own, and now he defies the world and appears before it in the character of a grand Ishmaelite.

We have our own Arabi Bey. He is not an Egyptian; he is an American, and his name is Robeson. He was formerly Secretary of the Navy when General Grant was President, and distinguished himself by spending a great deal of money on a navy—the existence of which navy is as much a mystery as the Keely Motor. He is not now Secretary of the Navy, but he is as much interested in that alleged institution as if he were—nay, more so, because his position as Congressman and leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives enables him to carry out his ideas more effectually than if he were a mere member of the Cabinet.

As with his prototype, Arabi Bey, he has received rebuffs innumerable; but he seems to thrive under the treatment. The best newspapers in the country have used up their stock of disagreeable adjectives in applying them to Robeson, and it is, indeed, difficult to say who are his friends. But he certainly has behind him a large number of men who support him. With the assistance of his Chief of Staff, Speaker Keifer, he has succeeded in garrisoning his fortifications, and now he stands forth boldly on the embrasure, hoists the "plunder" flag of defiance and is prepared to receive the fire from the vessels of his enemies.

And a pretty hot fire it is, too, and the stronghold takes a powerful lot of bombardment. But Robeson Bey shamelessly holds out. In vain does Admiral PUCK, in command of the fleet, hurl from his flag-ship week after week ponderous shot and shell. In vain do the "Sun," Captain Dana, the "Times," Captain Jones, the "Herald," Captain Bennett, the "Post," Captain Schurz, the "Tribune," Captain Reid, "Harper's Weekly," Captain Curtis, and other vessels of the flotilla bring their armament and engines of destruction to bear on the Congressional citadel. It had shown no sign of surrendering when we went to press.

The defense is obstinate, the stakes played for are too great to be lightly abandoned, and, although an occasional shot or missile wounds a few artillerymen and dismounts a gun or two, Robeson Bey, in spite of receiving several hard knocks, sustains with unexampled vigor the

unholy fight. It is to be hoped, in spite of discouragement, that the fire will still be kept up until Robeson Bey and his gang are driven out of their fortress. Admiral PUCK, at any rate, will not be the man to run up the signal "Cease Firing!" to the mast-head until he has completely vanquished the enemy.

It was Lord Beaconsfield, when he was plain Mr. Disraeli, who accused Sir Robert Peel, after that baronet's change of political faith, of stealing the clothes of the Whigs while they were bathing. The Democratic party of the present day seems inclined to repeat this performance, the Republican party being the victims. But the theft will be of little use. The Democrats may get the garments, but they can neither wear nor use them. They won't fit, and the party itself is in such a hopeless state of degradation that all the costumers and tailors in Christendom could not make them sit well.

The Republican party has cast off everything, with the exception of its war-record chest-protector, and it now spends most of its time in the waters of corruption. It will never recover its clothes again, and, if it does, no one will be deceived by the figure it cuts in them. Confidence in it has gone. A new, independent honest party is what the country wants. At present let us leave Democrats and Republicans to settle their disputes among themselves; we do not wish to have anything to do with either party.

Mr. Jay Hubbell rejoices in a conscience of cast-iron and a cheek of brass. How has Mr. Hubbell acquired these sturdy qualities—qualities which have enabled him to demand assessments for Republican political purposes from poverty-stricken scrub-women and miserable government clerks? It must be in the blood. The assertion has been made that he is descended from a Bedouin of the desert, and his Bedouin ancestors probably made assessments

in the manner depicted by our artist in the cartoon on the back page.

There is also some sanguineous fluid of a Norse character in Mr. Hubbell's veins. Anybody living in those days might have seen the Norse Hubbell making assessments of anchors and chain cables on the inhabitants. The French Hubbells, it is notorious, were always assessors at the Court of Louis XIV. The first American Hubbell distinguished himself by assessing Indians. Another American Hubbell is said to have tried a peculiar style of assessment in the West with the aid of a six-shooter; but these men all sink into insignificance, compared to the living flower of the family, the great political assessor, who is at once our boast and pride.

There is no more admirable provision in the Constitution than the

## VETO,

Provided it is judiciously used. It may not be generally known that

## PRESIDENT ARTHUR

Is fond of fishing, but a perusal of PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882 will irrefragably confirm this fact. How hard it would be to travel throughout the country, or to sail on any

## RIVER AND HARBOR

Without finding millions of readers of PUCK ON WHEELS. Long was the nation destitute of Summer humor, but now the

## BILL

Is filled in every particular by this book, which is to be obtained East, West, North and South, and throughout the civilized and uncivilized universe.

## PUCK ON WHEELS,

SECOND EDITION,

Now ready. Price 25 cents.

## TO SMOTHER OR NOT TO SMOTHER.



OTHELLO ARTHUR:—"VET IT MUST DIE, ELSE IT'LL BETRAY MORE MEN."



## PUCK AT "PARSIFAL."

A FULL REPORT OF WAGNER'S NEW OPERA,  
JUST PRODUCED AT BAYREUTH, WITH ALL  
THE GREAT EFFECTS AND THE  
MINOR CASUALTIES.

SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

BAYREUTH, July 26th, 1882.

2 P. M.—The curtain is just about to go up. Great excitement. The theatre is full. We are all clinging to this last moment of silence, the last we shall know before the sheriff gives the signal, the dread trap is sprung, and we are launched into—I am getting this thing mixed up. But it is awful.

2:01.—Nothing is heard but the soft thud of the hammers with which the audience is jamming cotton wool into its ears. The suspense is terrible. Two enthusiasts have just fainted. First blood for Wagner.

2:05.—Wagner has just taken his seat in the orchestra. How many of us who are now seated here in the prime of life and the glory of health and happiness will ever see another morn? Heaven alone knows.

2:10.—The curtain is up. This is the supreme moment. The ballet is very feeble and sawdusty about the calves.

6:15.—Wagner led off with his tuba, catching the ophicleide on the allegro passage and countering with his bassoon. He then got in a splendid one with his triangles, fiddling in lively style for a few seconds, and managing a fine body-blow with his steam orchestrion right on the bass-viol, finishing with the oboe and the stereopticon, when time was called on the first round.

6:30.—The first intermission is over, and we have had time to count up the casualties. The opera has, of course, no serious effect on the hardened Wagnerites. They faint from ecstatic enjoyment, but quickly recover. The mortality among the outsiders has, however, been terrible. The heavy slugging passage between *Gurnemanz* and the French horns laid out many a brave young auditor; and the duett between *Amfortas* and *Guggenheimer*, accompanied by the tubas, affected even experienced old hearers who had passed safely through the horrors of the "Flying Dutchman" and the "Ring der Nibelungen." The atmosphere is heavy with cloves.

9:37.—Just in the middle of the second act an ear-piercing, heart-rending shriek arose from the centre-of-the-orchestra-five-kreuzers-and-a-half-leave-your-umbrella-with-the-man-at-the-door seats, and for a moment dominated the volume of music. At first it was supposed to be one of those divine effects of harmony with which the master is so often graciously pleased to dower the world; but it was soon found out that it proceeded from an elderly gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose the cotton out of one ear. He was shortly after carried out, and an extemporized coroner's jury is now sitting upon him, the one regularly employed in connection with the establishment being employed on a young man who was taken in by the contra-fagottos earlier in the evening.

10:59.—The second act is just over. Men are rolling bales of cotton in to avert painful accidents such as the one that has just occurred. Nothing is heard now but the hammers of the blacksmiths who are cobbling the steam orchestrion, which was badly strained in the finale, trying to get a high *g* away from the viola.

11:33.—Two French horns have just exploded, and one key-bugle has been melted by heat caused by the friction of the notes passing through it.

July 27th, 4:07 A. M.—The curtain has fallen on the third act. The ambulance corps is busy looking after the victims.

8:22.—An intermission has just been called in the middle of the fourth act while Madame Friedrich-Materna has a new throat put in. The last one was of leather, and gave way at a critical moment in the trio between *Kundry*, *Sagkyrenmund* and the Calliope. The new throat is to be of tin, and contractors have been invited to submit plans and specifications for a hammered-iron soprano epiglottis, for use in the fifth act.

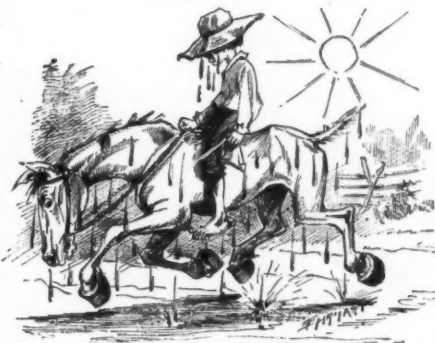
3:30 P. M.—The fifth act has begun. *Kundry* has a duet with *Dalschw-gunde* and breaks three oboes in telling him she loves him, whereupon *Guggenheimer* seizes the andante majestuosos and gets it all tangled with the bass-viol while he invites the guests to drink, and proclaims himself heir to the throne of his ancestors, as *Klingsor* and *Alabazam* leap pizzicato out of the window in the practicable shot-tower and—

Outside the Theatre, 3:31 P. M.—Please send me the address of a respectable deaf-and-dumb asylum where they run a lunatic ward. Anybody can have my return check who wants it.

VALKYRIE FERGUSON,

Telegraphic Correspondent of PUCK.

## RIDING A HEAT.



PAST.



PRESENT.



FUTURE.

## Puckeringings.

SONG OF THE TRAMP—Gobble, gobble, gobble!

THE ECONOMICAL MAN sews all his old porous plasters together and makes fly-screens for the windows.

WHAT QUALITY of silk is produced most largely in this country? Grow grain. [*London Punch*, vintage 1737.]

WE CAN NEVER KNOW how many famous people there are in the world until we read the list of visitors at the various watering-places.

WHEAT AND POTATOS are all right, but the corn-crop is a failure. Hurrah! we shall perhaps be saved from our once-a-week's martyrdom of corned beef and cabbage.

IT IS STATED that President Arthur is shortly to spend two weeks at Long Branch. Any man can stay at Long Branch on a salary of \$1,000 per week, if he keeps out of the omnibuses.

BARBERS ARE to become Knights of Labor; from the taste that many of them display for dissecting our chin, we should say that they would make much better demonstrators of anatomy.

IT IS THE GIRL with plump ivory arms that has no sleeves on her bathing-dress. And it is the lady who lies on the sand in the gaudiest tights that won't show her ankle in a hammock. Dearly beloved, why is it thusly?

IF YOU are roasting so hard that your collar is almost melted, and you want to get cooled off, don't go and give fifteen cents for a glass of lemonade. Just attempt to light a cigar with your last match. Then a breeze will start up.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON says: "Ostentation in dress is an unfailing mark of bad taste and newness," and just, too, as we'd gladdened the heart of our tailor with instructions, plans and specifications for the construction of a set of Oscar Wilde raiment.

THE WALLOONS AND THE HUGUENOTS were said to be among the earliest settlers on Staten Island. This was about 1675. The date of the settlement of mosquitos is not given; but it was probably two or three hundred years before that, judging by the hold of their descendants on the island.

WHY WAS the air reeking with black and blue profanity at Farmer Skinfint's boarding-house last week? Well, it was just this: he advertised lawn tennis along with the usual list of comforts. But two old rusty crab-nets tied together and stretched across two fence-rails don't fill the bill.

## HE WANTED THE NAVY.

"Hand me the navy," said the Secretary of the Navy to his private secretary: "I would like to see it this morning, and, if it needs any repairs, hand it to Mr. Robeson, who is waiting in the rotunda."

The private secretary blushed as he inquired: "Where is it?"

The Secretary scratched his head, looked perplexed, and after a moment of thought said meditatively:

"If my youngest son isn't using it for a hose-cart, you will find it up-stairs doing duty as a window-rest. And hurry up, Secor's waiting!"

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXV.

A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE.



Ya-as, I am becoming quite a wanderwah and stwaying away fwom my headquar-tahs. By headquar-tahs, of course, I mean the stwonghold of Mrs. Fitznoodle and the aw b-b-boy, who are at pwesent at New-port.

A wathah agweeable young Amerwican, who had passed the gweatah part of his life in a pwimitive village situated in the pwovince of Connecticut, intimated that it would afford him considerable gwatification if I would spend two or thrwee days with him and his family at his wesidence at this aw birthplace of his.

I agweed to do so. We twaveled there togethah, and I was weceived by his fwinds with much wespect and agweeableness.

The village is situated at not a verwy gweat distance fwom the salt watah—I mean the wide stwait which wuns between an extensive island called Long Island, and the main land of North Amerwica.

The peculiawities of this village are its wigid temperwance and its excessive wepose.

It gives one the impwession, aftah dwiving throughout the gwassy bordered woads and aw stweets, of perfect west.

Everybody appe-ahs to have acquired enough pwoperty to live on, and to be satisfied with the gweneral condition of things faw the wemaindah of their existence. This, undah ordinary circumstances, would not occasion much wemark fwom me, because I am aware of the existence of numerous places in Eng-

land which are just as old-fashioned and equally sorporwifically inclined; but in Amerwica, where ewerything is supposed to be on an extwemely pwogwessive basis, it does seem somewhat curwious.

I did not observe any dwunkards in this vil-lage; it would have been quee-ah if I had done so, inasmuch as no one is allowed to partake of fermented or spwituuous liquors undah most fwightful penalties of fines and impwisonment. The only way to obtain a glass of be-ah is to go to a chemist's shop surwepitiously armed with a aw physician's pwescription, with an assurance to the effect that it is necessary faw one's pweservation to dwink the beverage.

I wondah if any estimate has ewah been made of the numbah of persons who have gone to the home whence no twaveler weturns in this village, owing to their inability to obtain a little bwandy or wum to save them fwom dis-solution.

The place is ewidently weligiously inclined, because there are several churches faw differwent denominations, which are cwowded ewery Sunday. Any fellow seen walking about in the stweets durwing or aftah the service is looked upon as depwaved, godless and a sinnah, and a man who wants to weach his wesidence without being seen by church-goers must take a circuitous woute cwossing bogs and ditches, and enterwing his house by the back door.

While dwiving in the immediate vicinity of the village, the ide-ah occurred to me to ask my fwied if there were any of Generwal Washington's Headquar-tahs in the aw neigh-borwhood.

"Oh, yes," he weplied: "several," and then he pwocceeded to point them out to me.

It is stwange, but I don't wecollect ewah going to an Amerwican place where there was not a Washington's Headquar-tahs of some de-scription or othah, aw.

PUCK NE'ER RETURNS rejected articles;  
But grinds them to a thousand particles.

## NEWS FROM A SUMMER RESORT.

AN ATTRACTIVE LOCALITY.

This is a very pleasant place, and has, to my mind, fewer drawbacks than most Summer re-sorts. There is plenty of water on all sides, and the greatest possible care is taken of the inmates. The table is plentifully supplied, though not with the delicacies of the season. The meals are always enjoyed at early hours, as the proprietor or superintendent does not approve of guests eating when they please. He thinks that indiscriminate munching spoils di-gestion.

No wines or liquors of any kind are per-mitted to be consumed, either at table or in rooms, and it is astonishing how well those who have not been accustomed to such deprivation conform to the stringent rules of the hotel.

One thing which puts this resort far before others is the freedom which is permitted with regard to costume. There is much uniformity in it, but fashion does not demand a constant change. Once a day, in the morning, is con-sidered quite enough, consequently the corri-dors are not blocked with Saratoga trunks. The buildings are decidedly cool, and are substan-tially built. In this respect they are much safer than the usual Summer hotel, which is generally a superior kind of tinder-box. There are pat-ent locks on all the doors, and guests are not supplied with keys. The doors are always po-litely opened for them by attendants and as carefully closed. As several bad characters have been seen about the village, orders have been given from the hotel office for the ser-vants to see that guests' doors are properly se-cured at a reasonable hour in the evening. This precaution is taken to prevent sneak thieves from stealing valuables from the rooms. There is, consequently, no knocking at doors to inti-mate to guests that it is time to rise. The doors are opened from the outside, and the inmates are expected to get up simultaneously. Visitors cannot give up their apartments when they choose. They generally take them for a fixed period, and must either stay the time out or get special permission from the proprietor or the president of the hotel company to take their departure. Should they attempt to do this without having made the necessary arrange-ments, unpleasant legal complications are likely to ensue.

The amusements are somewhat monotonous—indeed, scarcely deserve mention. The prom-enades are rather limited, and there is little driving and less boating. Hold—I forget—there is some paddling. There is no billiard saloon, no bowling-alley, no croquet ground, no lawn tennis, no archery, no base-ball. There is, however, a game, which is, I think, of Scotch origin. It is called "Putting the stone with the hammer," or something of that kind, in which some of the visitors at this re-sort display considerable skill.

The men do not seem fond of ladies' society, and flirtation and romantic walks on the beach are almost unknown. There is a ladies' wing to the hotel, but communications with the gentlemen's wing are not frequent. The board is free and so is the lodging. I am here for six months, for petit larceny—came here with twenty-five others. My Summer suit is a striped one—large pattern. This is Blackwell's Island.

SAM THE SLOUCHER.

"THAT'S A SORT of piebald cottage over there," exclaimed a Long Brancher, pointing to a green-yellow and red edifice.

"Then I'll secure board there immediately," replied his friend: "for I never did hanker after pie with hair on it."

They are not on speaking terms now.

## BOSS CAMERON STRIKES A HEROIC ATTITUDE.



"STAND BACK, OR BE HEVINS I'LL BLOW UP THE SHIP!"



## TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

NEW YORK, August 1st, 1882.

Dear S. T. Vator:

How I pity you poor devils in the country, this hot weather! I am naturally of a kindly disposition, and I wish I could let all the world share in the blessings which I am enjoying.

When I think of you, cramped up in a miserable little room in a country hotel, breathing a malarious atmosphere and paying Delmonico prices for being allowed to live on canned vegetables, my heart goes out in pity over your sad condition.

Let me paint for you—not to tantalize you, but to open to your gaze a vision of Paradise—my situation at the present moment.

I sit at my open window and lean idly back in my luxurious office chair. The chair, it is true, is a little short on the off-hind leg; but you may remember that I began life and laid the foundation of my present princely fortune in a bank, where I acted as cashier; and if I do not know how to keep a shaky balance, it is not the fault of my early education.

My coign of vantage, as you would call it if it were a damp seat on a mountain rock, is directly in the shadow of two umbrageous telegraph poles, mighty monuments of the power of Nature and the cool nerve of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Their heads reach up into the deep blue azure, and in the sixth story above my head the janitor's wife is hanging out her wash on the top-most wires.

A tropical breeze fans my lofty brow—a breeze laden with all the odors of the East. That is, it is a hot breeze, and it bears upon its bosom a choice collection of aromas picked up at Hunter's Hoint and thereabouts. It comes about once a minute, and when it comes, you know just how you would feel if you were wandering in the desert of Sahara and encountered a simoom that had just tackled a Limburger cheese factory.

Talk about your limpidly purling brooks! A watering-cart has just passed down the street, and I can distinctly see the traces of at least three drops on the dusty roadway. Besides, the perspiration is trickling down my face, and if my cheek were only diversified with a few rocks, it would probably tinkle as merrily as any first-chop Arcadian rivulet.

Climate? Maybe you don't think I have a climate here that will lay out anything you know of in the country? Oh, no. Perhaps there isn't a stereotyping establishment on my right, where they are melting type-metal all day, and the New York agency of the patent Alaskan Refrigerators on my left? Perhaps I can't strike an average between these two? Perhaps I haven't more climate than I have any use for?

Oh, I know what you are going to tell me—all about Phillis and Corydon, and the great god Pan by the river-side, and Doris the shepherd-maiden tending her sheep on the upland pastures, and all the rest of that rural poetic business. It won't do. I can see your attractions and go them several better. There's a policeman across the way, flirting with a young lady of fourteen, who is at this present hour—1:30 P. M.—trying to sell the public a fourth edition of the *Telegram*. Instead of the great god Pan in the brake, an Italian organ grinder is standing in the gutter, furnishing a musical accompaniment to their courtship. And here's Doris—she's fifty, and she's Irish, and she's an apple-woman, and not a shepherd-maiden; but she is probably no larger as to hands and feet, and no more freckled, and far less sheep-foldy in odor than any country Doris you can show up.

As I glance out of my window, my eye falls on a profusion of tropical fruit, piled up in ostentatious luxuriance. Bananas, pine-apples, oranges, lemons, peaches, pears, cherries and

## A VIGOROUS FOREIGN POLICY.

"I approve of the bombardment of Alexandria and England's action in the Egyptian trouble."—U. S. GRANT.



GRANT AND A MARINE BACK UP THE BRITISH LION.

cocoa-nuts blend their varied colors and forms in a picture of surpassing loveliness. The picture of surpassing loveliness is piled up on a fruit-stand, and a mangy Italian is keeping guard over it with a fly-brush; but it is all the same.

Summer in the city is a big thing. I am very sorry for you who are condemned to the horrors of a rural existence. I am going out now to wander in the tropical forest and pluck some fruit.

Yours,

POLHEMUS URBAN.

DIED.

URBAN.—Tuesday night, August 1st, 1882, of a sudden attack of greenpeachichitis, Polhemus Urban. No flowers; ring 2nd bell.

## ANOTHER CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I hereby challenge, for \$5,000 a side, any star actress, barring Miss Anna Dickinson, to get ahead of me in the following specialties:

1. In buying yachts and having the fact advertised in every newspaper in the country.
2. In buying five thousand-dollar diamond necklaces.
3. In doing the "legitimate" with the genuine old Blue Grass accent.

Girl and gold on hand at my cottage, Long Branch.

Respectfully,

M-RY AND-RS-N.

## MR. WILSON'S CELESTIAL IRE.

Bergh says I'm a Thug,  
I'll batter his mug,  
For my name it is Tug;  
Bergh says I'm a Thug,  
I'll give him a slug  
Right under his lug,  
For he calls me a Thug—  
I'll flatten his mug.

T. W.

## CURRENT COMMENTS.

THE WICHITA (Kansas) *Daily Times* says PUCK will make more disciples than the *Christian Advocate*. The *Wichita Daily Times's* opinions and ours coincide to a nicety.

WE FAIL TO SEE much difference between Mr. Hain's management of the Elevated roads and an Elevated locomotive left without engineer or fireman to manage itself on the dangerous tracks.

"TURKEY," ACCORDING TO BRITISH NEWSPAPERS, "has recognized the appropriateness of the suggestions to send troops to Egypt," which, we suppose, is an Oriental way of saying that it sees no suggestiveness of the appropriations for the purpose.

THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS has thanked Queen Victoria for calling out the army reserves. Mrs. Victoria is always doing some such unselfish act as this. In fact her whole life is passed in charitably drawing her salary and making other unexampled sacrifices.

MISS E. GREYSON, at Erie, Pa., is reported to have been cured of spinal disease by the prayer-cure after being bed-ridden for years. The prayers were not recited, owing to some misunderstanding, but she thought they were, and their efficacy was no doubt attributable to the physician's intention of having them said. Now Professor Tyndall, come along with that prayer-gauge of yours.

LET IT BE KNOWN that the iron-clads, so that Great Britain need not be self-airs. The "Montauk" and "Nantuxet" are to be put into commission for sea-service. They are twenty years old. Surveyors are being sent down in diving-bells along the coast to choose nice soft places for them to founder in. This is almost as satisfactory a way of getting rid of the vessels as allowing Mr. Robeson to sell them for old iron.

## DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

RONDEAU.

Loafing again! the gleaming strand  
For diamond miles on either hand  
Welcomes the breakers' splash and roar,  
While lazily the sea-birds soar,  
And never care to touch the land.

Stretched prone upon the yielding sand,  
At drifting Fancy's light command,  
I give my soul to dreams of yore—  
Loafing again!

Bland is the day, my dreams are bland;  
I see, while memory's scenes expand,  
Another day, another shore,  
With swell of sail and flash of oar.  
Oh, happy I! by breezes fanned—  
Loafing again!

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

## SEA-SIDE MEDLEY.

LONG BRANCH, July 30th, 1882.

The other day we went to a body of water entitled Pleasure Bay, to catch crabs. Pleasure Bay rises about one mile behind Long Branch. I don't know where it sets. Anxious men solicit people to be rowed across. They charge about sixty cents a head, unless the young men are accompanied by young ladies, when the solicitors charge eighty, knowing well that the men will not create a disturbance before the girls. The gondoliers enjoy this very much, and that's why they call it Pleasure Bay.

Before starting we went out to the barn to see Mercury. Mercury is the man who runs the stage. All stage-drivers here are called Mercury, because they won't come down in hot weather. He said he would take us out and back for fourteen dollars, which he claimed to be dirt cheap. He said:

"That is only two dollars apiece. Any one else will drive you there and back for that without stopping; but I will wait for you two hours, and bail out the boat, and take the crabs out of the net, and help row, and keep up the conversation. This stage has just had a new coat of paint, and the springs have been toned up, and a fresh sign put up on the roof—"

"Where's your horse?"

"Over there."

"Over where?"

"Why, over there in that stall."

"I don't see him."

The driver went and placed his hand on the animal, who seemed weary and didn't move.

"Oh, that's the horse, eh?"

At first he seemed like a Jersey cow. He was the same color. He was a very tired, faint-looking animal. The crescents were almost worn off his feet. And knobs! Why, he was just one sublime oasis of knobs. They protruded at every possible angle. He looked as though he had swallowed a set of croquet-balls and they were gradually working out of him.

"Fourteen dollars to ride behind him for two hours!" indignantly protested the spokesman, as he successfully hung his gum-drop Derby on the first knob he saw: "You ought to chain that nag up in the hall, and make a hat-rack of him."

"He isn't much to look at," explained the driver: "but he's a good stayer."

"Yes, likes to stay in the stall all day. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give you five dol—"

A loud whoop broke him short. The driver floated off into a spasm on the spot. A stableman, who overheard the proposition, drew a flask from his pocket and drank violently, while the negro boy who exercises the horses in the morning ran out on the sward and indulged in a five-minute faint.

Then we found another man who agreed to take us over for the same price. We wouldn't have him in the boat with us, for fear he might

spring an extra bill on us, and we were afraid to leave him on the shore, lest peradventure he might drive off and leave us there. We got around this, however, by paying him at the end of the trip. That plan caused him to see the ineffable beauty of waiting for us. But, while waiting, he drove some other people a mile or so, and probably made enough to keep him in fuel for the coming Winter. And he couldn't change the fifty-dollar bill that was offered to him in payment. He had nothing smaller than a hundred. The bill was twenty-five, so the driver backed down against the fence, turned the horse around a couple of times, and called it square for fifty.

When about to start, one of the party, a lovely young widow, said she wouldn't go out—that she was afraid to go on the water, but would wait on shore. A lot of rough-looking, sun-burnt men were sitting on the hotel stoop. The widow was indescribable, and twenty-five, or less. My mind was made up in an instant. "This isn't a safe place to leave Mrs. Dash alone."

"Oh, here now, you ain't agoin' to play that game," yelled a male member of the party: "You're strong, and we want you to row."

"No, I'm not strong at all. I'm as weak as a cat; the doctor's given me up and sent me down to the sea to die—he says the food will wind me up. I never had an oar in my hand, and the motion of a boat makes me weary."

R. C.



COMING UP AGAIN!

Those men up there look like a lot of pirates—"

"Oh, yes," shrieked the widow: "I am afraid of them!"

The boat pushed off without us; and I had to pause and offer up a fervent prayer of gratitude. I saw the man rowing. I could almost hear his spine snap at every stroke, as he rowed the crowd against the tide.

We went back to the porch of the hotel. It was one of those one-hundred-thousand-dollar hotels that pay for themselves three-quarters of an hour after they are opened for the season. The proprietor is a very modest man, for, when he has his horses washed with a garden hose every evening, he first has bathing-suits put on them. If he were as modest in his charges as in the matter of washing his horses, it would take him about fifty brisk Summers to save up enough to take his family to the circus.

Well, then we sat on the stoop. She looked divine as she twisted her parasol around on her shoulder. She was dressed in white, with the exception of her Gainsborough hat and stockings, which were black—about one inch of the latter being displayed at intervals in a manner which was at once innocent, artistic and accidental. Two hours before we were in the surf together, and I couldn't gaze upon her without laughing—she looked like Jumbo. She was all comedy, or rather, farce. Now she was all melodrama and spectacle. She was breaking me all up by degrees. I began to understand the meaning of the widow's might.

"This beats crabbing all to pieces," I ventured to remark: "Crabbing in Pleasure Bay—I'm getting all the Pleasure, they are getting all the Bay."

"You think so?" she inquired, as she looked off across the road at a cow that was calmly knocking flies off her neck with her *envoi*. (Apologies to Robert J. Burdette, who originated the "Epilogue of the Texan Steer.")

"I know it," I replied: "because I have often been crabbing; but to be all alone in a sweet sequestered spot with a sweet, sweet, sweet is something new. I—"

"That's the thing to say to a girl, but a widow's soul is not so reckless in its power of absorption."

I can't remember exactly what she said then, but I thought I would give her something to eat by way of conciliation. She ate about thirty-five raw clams, and I did the same; likewise we had a bottle of beer apiece.

"How much does all this come to?"

"Eight dollars and forty cents!" murmured the proprietor.

Just before this the house-dog came along, sat down on his haunches, looked at us affectionately, and made up his mind to stay there. He was a nice, big, good-natured dog that had been brought up by women and petted until there was no fight in him. He spent his time loafing around, and seemed to have confidence in every one, because his ears had never been eliminated, and he had never had to dodge a brick, or experience the humbling sensation of a Grecian urn upon his aftermath. His back was sore.

He had probably had lively mange campaigns for six or eight Summers, for he would go and lie down, and rasp the earth with himself, and his eyes and tongue would protrude in a manner to show him to be in a wild delirium of delight. Then he would lie on his back, and dig and dig and dig, until there wasn't a square inch of his "honest bark" left. Then the flies would light on him, and stick to him so fondly that he was used in the dining-room instead of fly-paper. He loved his master, who trained him to appear calm at the announcement of a heavy charge, but when the proprietor remarked: "Eight dollars and forty cents," the dog failed to conceal his emotion in time, and was obliged to turn around and look at the scenery.

Raising a fore-paw, he took hold of one of his huge ears, and wiped great tears of sorrow from his honest eyes. Then he went forth to sand-paper himself again.

As soon as the man was paid, my fair companion remarked:

"Won't you write something for my autograph album?"

"Why, cert."

Then she handed out a dainty little turquoise-studded gold pencil, and I laid an unpaid tailor's bill on the roof of my fifty-cent straw Derby, and scribbled the following for her dear approval:

TO—WE'LL CALL HER ETHEL.

We've often in the briny ducked,  
And feared the lobster's claw;  
We've at the "Ocean" calmly sucked  
Mint juleps through a straw.

We've daily frivoleed, and we've foiled  
All Fate's unkindly jabs,  
And sat upon the trunks and spoiled  
The beer and soft-shell crabs.

We've in the airy hammock dreamed,  
We've conquered at croquet,  
We've 'neath the drifting moon ice-creamed,  
And danced the racquet gay.

I trust that Time, which swiftly flies,  
Will shed on me and you  
Just 82 such sweet Julys  
As this of '82.

And she rolled her haughty eyes and said she thought the heat had affected my head.

R. K. MUNKITRICK.



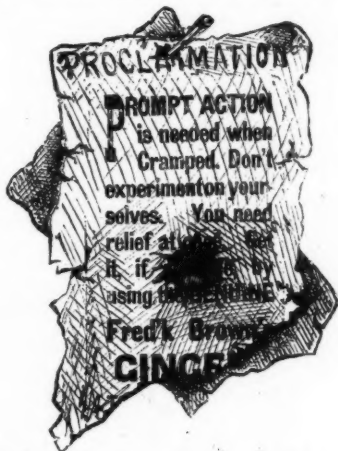
## PUCK'S PICTURES OF THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.

We are a little behind our esteemed contemporaries, *Harper's Weekly* and the *Graphic*, in our war sketches, but our artist was there, and has, perhaps, seen more of the bombardment of Alexandria and the warlike operations in Egypt than any other man connected with a newspaper.

"My quarrel is with Great Britain, not with PUCK," said Arabi Bey: "Draw anything that takes your fancy, as long as you don't draw a salary from me."

Our artist proceeded to draw, and was a little late for the mail. Hence the delay—hence the temporary disappointment of the twenty-five millions of PUCK readers at not knowing what was going on in Egypt during the last fortnight.

Here is the *fac simile* of Arabi Bey's proclamation calling upon the Ulemas, the donkey-boys and the fella-



been to rally round the old, original semi-lunar flag. The blemish in its centre is the spot where a seventeen-hundred-pound projectile struck it while the proclamation was undergoing circulation. You can't see Arabi Bey's signature—it was bitten off by a modest bull-dog, who had had nothing to eat but chilled shot and paving-stones for three weeks. Our artist tried very hard to get a sketch of the effect of this proclamation on the populace, but failed owing to the populace and others having bought through tickets to Rauleh, the Manhattan Beach of Alexandria.



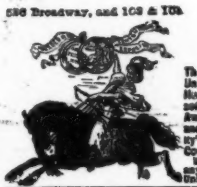
Running down to Constantinople, our artist called on the Sultan of Turkey, who received him in a most cordial manner. He obtained the illustrious Turk's three-quarter face while he was engaged in smoking a diamond hookah with an emerald mouth-piece. Cocoa was afterward served by the original Maid of Athens, who gave our artist back his heart before he withdrew from the sacred Oriental presence.

Here is the spirited and masterly sketch of the bombardment of Alexandria. The outlines of the British vessels could plainly be seen were it not for the smoke;

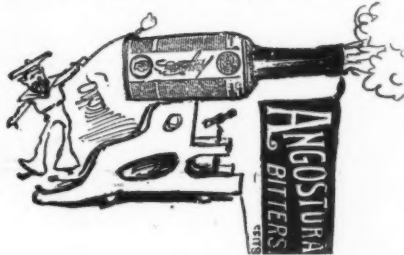


but then there could have been no bombardment without smoke. The foreshortening is not quite equal to the aft-shortening; but our realistic artist was not a constructor to the navy.

This represents the boss Bedouin of the Desert as he appeared when he was urging on his wild career on his faithful steed toward Arabi Bey; but it is a black he was riding, although Arabi is a Bey. (See?) It is estimated that it will take this horseman about a month to reach the seat of war, encumbered as he is with arms, accoutrements and responsibilities, besides having to flourish in the circumambient atmosphere the standard of the Prophet with full ornaments and attachments.



This is a life-size view and elevation of one of the "Inflexible's" eighty-one-ton guns. The mighty engine



is represented as going off at the breech instead of at the muzzle, but this is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance.

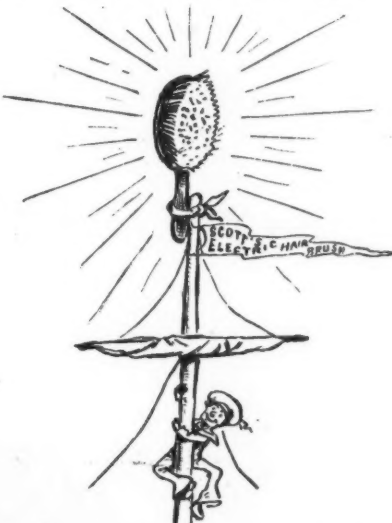
Penetrating above the third cataract of the Nile, our artist interviewed the false prophet and sketched him on the spot among his native palm trees, crocodiles and oases. The false prophet expressed a hope that with the aid of PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1882, No. 3, business might be quite good enough to enable him to become a true prophet, but that Admiral Seymour would have to be first consulted on the all-important subject.

This spirited scene represents a chilled shot from the "Invincible" in the act of striking Arabi Bey's mirror and spoiling its integrity. Arabi Bey, however, had



another at hand, in the shape of a highly-polished tin dish, and was able to adjust his fez, trim his moustache and part his back hair with his usual care.

Such lively scenes as these could never have been depicted had it not been for the electric light which shed its effulgent rays night and day from the main truck of Admiral Seymour's ship, the "Inflexible." It issued from the brush that had been triumphantly placed there



by the British admiral to indicate that he was prepared at all times, as was old Dutch Van Tromp, to brush or sweep the seas of his enemies.

## AMUSEMENTS.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL AND SUMMER GARDEN has the St. Felix Sisters and the Tyrolean national singers as attractions.

Braham & Scanlon's Miniature Ideal Opera Company, consisting of a hundred children, is now at WALLACK'S THEATRE performing "Patience."

Some one says: "Mary Anderson is no longer the Pet of the Prairies. She is the Star of the Surf." Season begins, Brooklyn, September 25th.

The BIJOU OPERA HOUSE continues to offer light opera. "Olivette," with Dolaro, is now amusing our country cousins and residents who are obliged to anchor in the city for the Summer.

The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR has imported the "Merry War" from its GERMANIA home, with Carleton, Wiley, Adolphi and the whole troupe. All under the broad canopy of heaven for fifty cents.

"The sun still shines on the little house." But as the auditorium at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE is iced, the sun hasn't much of a show. In the meantime, "Esmeralda" refuses to budge from the stage.

Josephine Gallmeyer, a soubrette who is actually funny, will play a starring engagement at the THALIA THEATRE in October and November. Her great specialty is a farce called "Sarah und Bernhardt," in which she dies in five different ways, in imitation of the noted Frenchwoman.

My first is the name of the man who sued the Elevated Railway for damages to his property; my second is what two enterprising managers have contrived to do with the play "Siberia" (another Bertley Campbell, acts 7); my third is the name of the enterprising managers aforesaid. Answer: Caro, corral Kiralfy—contributed.

The new CASINO building, Broadway and 39th Street, is now rapidly approaching completion, and is to be thrown open to the public September 11th, when Mme. Théo, the celebrated opéra bouffe artiste, will make her first appearance in this country, supported by Maurice Grau's Parisian Opéra Bouffe Company. "La Jolie Parfumeuse" is to be performed the first night. Mr. Rudolph Aronson, the projector of the Casino, is still hard at work with the preparations for the opening—and will give his first "Concert Populaire" Sunday evening, September 17th.

"Good-bye, John! Why good-bye? Why, John? Wherefore the sentence?" We will tell you. John is the first name of John Mishler, the German policeman, played with great success by Gus Williams, at HAVELLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. This is his last week. Hence the "good-bye." Is all explained? Are you satisfied? Yes! Then know that on August 28th Gus Williams will appear in Chicago, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, in "One of the Finest"—which is one of the finest, as its seven weeks' success in New York most clearly proves. Again, therefore, we say: "Good-bye, John."

## Answers for the Anxious.

B. R. BROWN.—Go to Alexandria and be bombarded. HASELTINE.—She's o'er the border and awa', wi' Arabi Pasha.

CALYPSO.—If you slung at him such poems as the one you have sent us, we don't wonder that Ulysses left you You are left again.

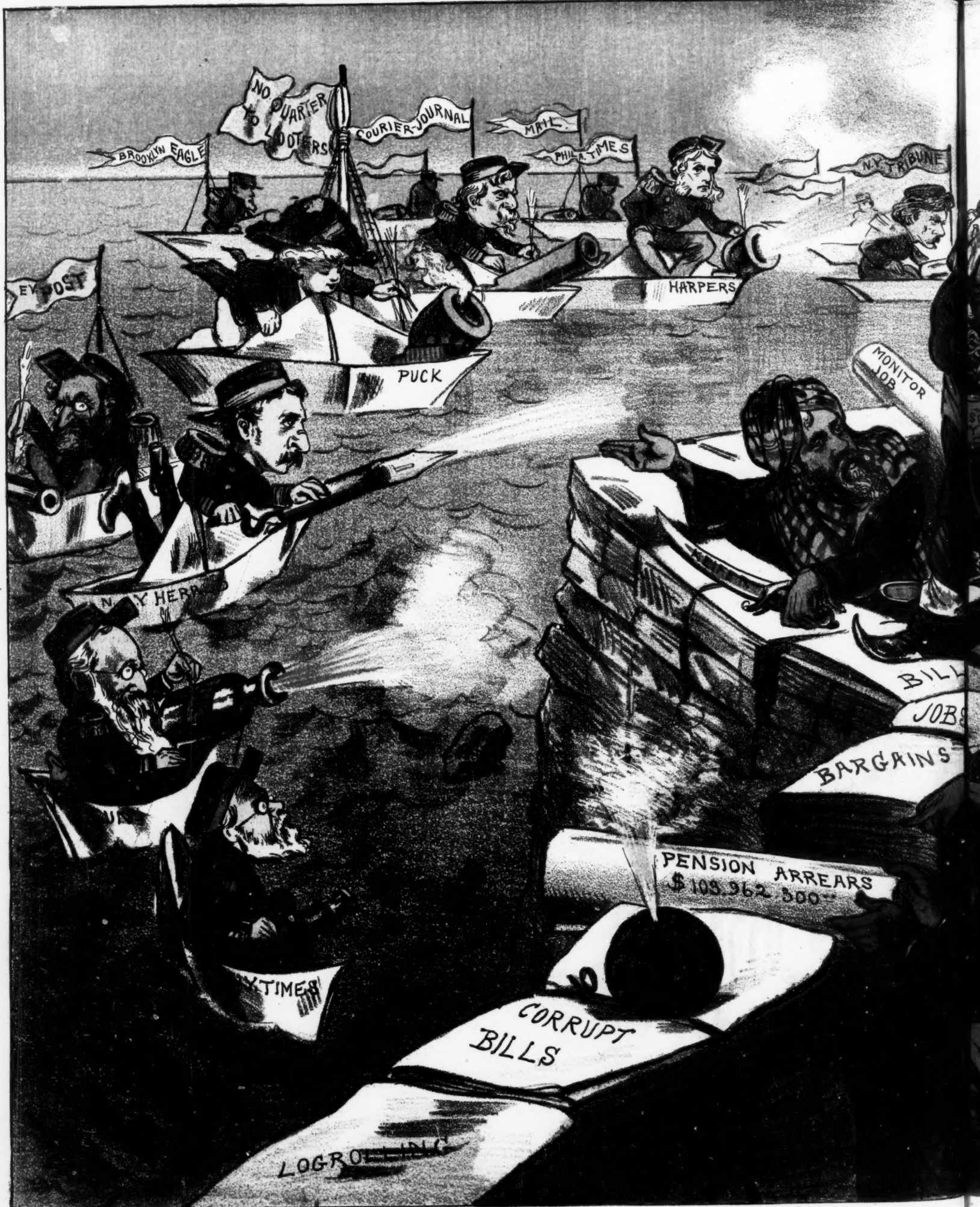
R. DE A. C.—We can't print your triolet. But if you wish, we will send it to the Grand Jury, when next they are in session, and ask them for their critical opinion of it.

J. WALKINGAME.—We are sorry to learn that you have not heard a word about the poem you sent us on the 11th of last December. We fear that poem must have struck an exceptionally cold day.

DAIMON PRAXITELES.—Your intention is good; but you have got the facts all wrong. Anacreon was not an Egyptian; he was a Greek, and is renowned in history as the inventor of anachronisms.

WILLIBALOO.—Oh, yes, we'll give you the vote of Chemung County for Senator-at-Large in 1839. That's what we're here for—to rustle around in the hot weather and get statistics for you. We'll send you that vote next week, done up in a pink velvet case embroidered with violets.

We have received, "with the compliments of Elliot Mason, 214 East Thirty-fourth St.," a copy of "The Physician's Pocket Manual," by G. L. Austin, M. D. We don't entirely approve of teaching people to try to diagnose difficult diseases; but we have no fear that the lay mind will be led astray by this book; for the medical names are too appalling to be gazed on in this hot weather, and the real interest centres in the clever articles on bicycling with which the book concludes. We can commend it as an admirable missionary work.



OFFICE OF PUCK 25 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

ANOTHER BOMBARDMENT.—THE NEWSPAPER FLEET





R FLT FIRING ON THE BEDOUINS IN WASHINGTON.

## The Old Vet Not in the Race for Governor.



S. J. T.:—"Ah, I CAN'T RUN NOW AS I USED TO—AND THAT OLD SOL MAKES IT SO DEUCED HOT FOR ME!"

## TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY. BY ARTHUR LOT.

CANTO THIRD.  
TRA-LA-LA!

Argument.—Having now this tale begun, you perhaps may find some fun in this canto, which will show how a ball, quite *comme il faut*, may become the chosen mart where a purse can buy a heart.<sup>1</sup> And herein will be portrayed something more of our fair maid, how she was in silks arrayed, how with lovers' hearts she played, how to her two lovers paid their addresses,<sup>2</sup> and essayed to do all the maiden bade,<sup>3</sup> and their work how she repaid.

Also here will be put down lover's look and rival's frown, and the lover's winning ways which the rival's wrath did raise.<sup>4</sup>

Somewhat, too, will here be told of that tale, quite new, yet old, showing how strong love begins, showing what fair maiden wins;<sup>5</sup> for fight here we'll tell again, what to all men should be plain, that the youth, who, at a ball, glues himself against the wall and allows some other beau for the damsel's cream to go, can't expect fair maid to win only one so poor and thin that no other chap will try for her heart with him to vie.<sup>6</sup>

Furthermore, our flowing pen will narrate about—but then, what these verses further show, you must read if you would know.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We do not at this moment catch the author's meaning. We hope, however, there is no reference to the street slang about "skipping the gutter."—Editor.

<sup>2</sup> That kind of business, unless we are misinformed, can be done at other places than balls. And, if a man answers "No" to the refrain of the popular song, "Are You Going To the Ball This Evening?" it doesn't follow that he isn't on the mash.—Editor.

<sup>3</sup> The author might have given his readers credit for wit enough to have imagined that there were two lovers. Who ever saw a novel or play, in which the heroine was not provided with at least two lovers, which did not flatten out into dull description in the first three chapters?—Editor.

<sup>4</sup> If she possessed the imaginative powers usually bestowed upon maidens, and acted on the principle that if she asked she would get, they must have been as actively engaged as a six-day's walker in the heat of a contest.—Editor.

<sup>5</sup> That's the way with rivals; they will hang on. We ourselves once loved a very wealthy maiden, and, though it was plain—to us—that we were the favored lover, yet that rival hung around, and he finally—well, he married her.—Editor.

<sup>6</sup> The author is here a little confused in his expression. We opine that he means "what wins a fair maiden," and yet we are ready to bet a free-lunch sandwich against an Elevated Road ticket that most readers will imagine that the author refers to the kind of man she may win.—Editor.

<sup>7</sup> We have never seen our sentiments expressed in a better manner. The truth is that girls hate modesty. The bashful youth is a great affliction to them. However, under certain circumstances, they are willing to make allowances for human infirmities. Whenever a little boldness on their part can make things run along satisfactorily, they do not worry about a youth's bashfulness; but whenever a youth is too modest to get them something to eat, at eating-time, then they are ready to give him the grand shake—as Bardwell Slote would say, P. D. Q.—Editor.

<sup>8</sup> Why will authors tell their readers things which are so apparent?—Editor.

When man aught that he yearns to have would find,

Be it of fish or flesh, of earth or sky,

Be it to please the senses or the mind,

Unto its selling-place forthwith he'll hie;<sup>9</sup>

And so, if man (grown daft) should be inclined

The so-called pleasure of a wife to try,<sup>10</sup>

Unto the female's ordinary mart he

Will haste to go—that is, unto a party.

And women know quite well what they're about

In making that their ordinary mart;

For at a ball, *soirée*, party or rout

Full oft a bachelor has lost his heart;<sup>11</sup>

The music and the lively talk no doubt

Make of the dangers there the greater part,

Yet still there's danger in fair maidens' glances,<sup>12</sup>

And in the touch of hands and forms in dances.<sup>13</sup>

The worst that can be said about such things

Is that the mixing up of folks may mar

The pleasure, which the gay assemblage brings,

Above all here, where all men equal are;<sup>14</sup>

But life is full of just such happenings,

And party-givers cannot fairly bar

From out their homes, in our land, e'en a drummer,

Where none in social state outranks the plumber.<sup>15</sup>

And so, when Mary Brown, of Murray Hill,

A party gave upon her coming out,

Her chosen guests were somewhat mixed,<sup>16</sup> but still

That maid knew well the work she was about.

At parties one must all his grand rooms fill

With guests of rich or poor, or swell or lout:

Nought's duller than a private ball, unless

A crowd of folks should make it a success.<sup>17</sup>

And Lida Smythe attended as a guest,

While Vanderbockhoven went as her beau;<sup>18</sup>

For her papa resolved, it must be confessed,

Wherever Lida went Rudolph should go.

The best of all the girls was Lida dressed,

And to a great advantage did she show

Beside that plain and poor<sup>19</sup> Miss Ann Fiero,

Who brought with her, as her escort, our hero.

It happened then our hero quickly sought

Unto the lovely Lida's side to hie,

And, when to her by hostess he was brought,

Fair Lida watched him with a sparkling eye,<sup>20</sup>

And, when she heard he bore the name Earlscount,

And also learned his Christian name was Guy,<sup>21</sup>

She thought no name could possibly be neater,

Or make a sound to female ears much sweeter.

<sup>9</sup> Now, where else could he go? Why, every Sunday-school child knows that one should not go to the thistle for figs. However, we have heard of a person who went to a store, where nothing but mourning goods were sold, to buy white muslin, but he explained that he did so because white is Chinese mourning.—Editor.

<sup>10</sup> We fear the author is henpecked. Our experience is that the fellows who run down wives most are not old bachelors, but married men whose wives object to night-keys and smoking, and possess voices which can easily reach the high C.—Editor.

<sup>11</sup> Yes, indeed! We ourselves never go to a party without being converted to Mormonism. Many a time, after leaving a ball, we have determined to go to Utah, but an examination of our pocketbook has always convinced us that we lack sufficient time.—Editor.

<sup>12</sup> We should smile! How our heart throbs as we recall the joys of the past.—Editor.

<sup>13</sup> That is all very well for poor men to talk about, but it's nonsense after all. We think we are considerable pumpkins, and yet you cannot convince us that we are the equal of Vanderbilt. His income is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,000 a minute, while we make a minute of even a dollar of income—when we strike it. If a man should enter his office, and he should say to the man "Go," the man would go; if even a Spring poet should enter our office, and we should say to him: "Precipitate yourself down stairs," and should aid him with our number elevens, he would report us to our employer and probably we would go. No, this equality business cannot be played on us.—Editor.

<sup>14</sup> We wonder where the author has resided. If we understand ourselves, the plumber—at least in this city—holds a position high above all other human beings. Plumbers are the material out of which our millionaires will be made. When the silver aristocracy dies out we shall have an aristocracy of lead.—Editor.

<sup>15</sup> The author here shows an intimate knowledge of New York society.—Editor.

<sup>16</sup> The rule is that when you invite people to dance you must fill your room so full that it will be almost impossible for your guests to dance.—Editor.

<sup>17</sup> The author should remember that this word is confined now almost exclusively to the rural regions. City girls never use it.—Editor.

<sup>18</sup> We dislike to see an author throw a person's poverty in his or her face. Some of the best people who ever lived, including ourselves, have been and are poor. Poverty is inconvenient enough without having it thrown in your face. That's why we left our tailor. We would have paid the bill if we could, but we could not endure having it poked at us, and so, after he had refused our orders, we left him.—Editor.

<sup>19</sup> We suppose the author means that there was a beam in her eye.—Editor.

<sup>20</sup> What is the author giving us? Why, Miss Braddon couldn't have picked out a more romantic collocation of letters for a hero's name. We understood that this was an "owre true tale," but that name sounds fictitious. However, as the author brought us a tolerable recommendation from his last situation, we suppose we must believe his assertion that a man exists who bears that high-sounding name.—Editor.



The train upon her dress was something grand;<sup>21</sup>  
 As if, though scant in front her dress might be,  
 She wished each person there to understand  
 She did not scrimp from need, for all could see  
 That she had stuff enough at her command;  
 In brief, she was arrayed in style.<sup>22</sup> And he?  
 Oh, he had swallow-tail and white cravat,  
 Low vest, black "pants," fine shoes and opera hat.<sup>23</sup>  
 At once Guy asked the lovely maid to dance,  
 And in the giddy waltz they swift did whirl,  
 While gloomy Rudolph oft a threat'ning glance  
 At this bold drummer-man did vainly hurl;<sup>24</sup>  
 For Guy was thinking only of the chance  
 He'd found to make a captive of that girl.  
 He'd loved to dance, e'en when he wore a jacket,  
 And he could do "society" and "racquet."<sup>25</sup>  
 And she? His arm slight clasped around her waist,  
 His form that almost touched against her own,  
 Her arm so softly on his shoulder placed,  
 His words so plainly meant for her alone  
 Made her breast throb, although 'twas tightly laced;<sup>26</sup>  
 And then, as if some magic telephone<sup>27</sup>  
 Bore message from her heart unto her cheek,  
 Her face in blushes did quite boldly speak.  
 And, when the dance was done, unto a chair  
 He led the maid, and whispered in her ear  
 Those dainty nothings which men never spare  
 When at a party to a maid they're near.<sup>28</sup>  
 Meanwhile did Rudolph at the drummer swear,  
 Although none of their language could he hear;  
 A rival can in smiles and looks perceive  
 Enough to cause him bitterly to grieve.<sup>29</sup>  
 Not once alone did Guy fair Lida turn  
 In mazes of the giddy dance that night;  
 He sought her side where'er he could discern  
 A chance which would not seem too impolite;<sup>30</sup>  
 And Lida, too, appeared for Guy to yearn,  
 And in his dancing to find great delight;  
 And so, among the crowd of other dancers,  
 They tried the waltz, quadrille, galop and lancers.<sup>31</sup>  
 And when the guests went to the supper room,  
 Which was, of course, too small to hold them all,<sup>32</sup>  
 It hap'd that he and she were 'mong those whom  
 The crowd forced to remain out in the hall,  
 With Rudolph, too, whose face showed signs of gloom  
 As he stood there crushed up against the wall.<sup>33</sup>  
 Rudolph had Lida to the supper brought,  
 Which was his right, of course, as her escort.

<sup>21</sup> That was eminently proper. The guests had come to dance, and it was, of course, the business of every lady to spread as much of her dress in the way of the dancers as possible.—Editor.

<sup>22</sup> Why didn't the author say so in the first place? Then every female reader would have known what the heroine had and hadn't on.—Editor.

<sup>23</sup> People who object to the regulation male costume, on the ground that you cannot distinguish the swells from the waiters, do not do justice to the waiters. When you find swells and waiters mixed up, select the most intelligent looking persons from the crowd, and you will find that those you have selected are the waiters.—Editor.

<sup>24</sup> Isn't that idea borrowed? Perhaps some reader can tell us where we have met the following lines, which linger in our memory:

"The rival eyes the lover as he whirls

The lovely maid, and threat'ning glances hurls."—Editor.

<sup>25</sup> We should say so! If he couldn't he would be bowled out of good society at the first innings. Nowadays the society men must be able to dance "the lancers and several fancy dances," including particularly those mentioned by the author.—Editor.

<sup>26</sup> Valenciennes.—Editor.

<sup>27</sup> We hope that kind of a telephone isn't an infringement. The name gives the instrument a fraudulent look. We never bought a magic razor-strop without regretting the loss of the money we paid for it.—Editor.

<sup>28</sup> At a Bowery party that style of conversation is called "taffy"; at a Lexington or Madison Avenue *soirée* it is denominated "Everton"; at a Fifth Avenue ball it is described as "gum drops." On the same principle New Yorkers call overshoes simply "rubbers," while the more refined Philadelphians describe them as "goloshes," and the cultured Bostonians speak of them as "pedal protectors." Truly things are not what they seem.—Editor.

<sup>29</sup> Provided he keeps his eyes peeled.—Editor.

<sup>30</sup> We admire his good sense. We ourselves make it a rule to dance every dancer, when at a party or a ball, unless some antiquated manager has put on the programme a "Caledonian" or a "schottische." Those we leave to the "Scots wha ha' with Wallace bled."—Editor.

<sup>31</sup> Just as we predicted. Evidently the ball was a "bang-up" affair, and the list of dances contained none of those strugglings with calisthenics which our forefathers made themselves warm and miserable with at balls.—Editor.

<sup>32</sup> That's to be expected while we build our houses on twenty-foot lots, unless some architect invents a way of laying our floors in a perpendicular instead of a horizontal direction.—Editor.

<sup>33</sup> We know it is vulgar to crowd or hurry at a ball or party, but we advise all party-goers to cultivate, as we have, a rapid, gliding motion. They will find such a motion an admirable thing when the knife-and-fork-part of the evening arrives.—Editor.

But Guy it was who boldly forced his way  
 Straight through that crowd unto the groaning board,  
 And, having seized a passing waiter's tray,  
 He filled it up, although the waiter jawed,<sup>34</sup>  
 And then, with but a moment's brief delay,  
 He bore that tray to her whom he adored,  
 And then the pair, wrapped up in love's first dream,  
 Sat down upon the stairs and ate their cream.<sup>35</sup>

Of course poor Rudolph on such actions frowned,  
 The more as he could nothing get to eat;  
 Against the wall the crowd still held him bound,  
 And men and girls kept treading on his feet;<sup>36</sup>  
 Yet Rudolph's wrath was not completely crowned  
 Till Guy beside fair Lida took a seat;  
 But Guy saw not the wrath of Rudolph rise,  
 For he was gazing in fair Lida's eyes.<sup>37</sup>

Yet, if Guy had, still he would not have cared.  
 In love each man must for himself look out.<sup>38</sup>

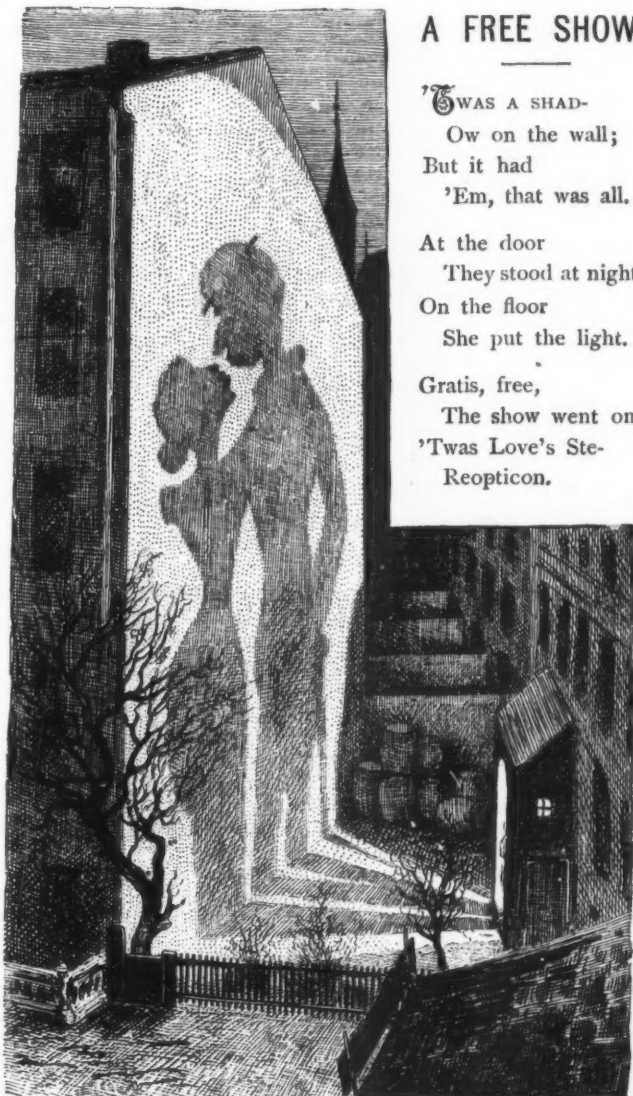
<sup>34</sup> That's a new wrinkle, and we'll tuck it away in our cranium, for we have often been bothered to carry the numerous variety of edibles demanded by the charming creature for whose comfort we were looking out. For what says the poet, Mr. Boffin: "Oh, lovely woman, you are hard to beat in your demands for something nice to eat."—Editor.

<sup>35</sup> Oh, those *conversaciones* on the stairs! Bless the architect who invented stairways so narrow that a youth and a maiden fair cannot sit together on a step without being closely crowded together! How, under such circumstances, a fellow is tempted to place his arm around the maiden's waist. Once—but hold! this is business.—Editor.

<sup>36</sup> We don't wonder that Rudolph was "on his ear" a little. It's bad enough to go without your supper, but to have a crowd wander around promiscuously on a fellow's corns takes the Christian brotherhood feeling out of a man quicker than a July day with a paper collar.—Editor.

<sup>37</sup> The author must imagine that we have never been there. Does he fancy that we supposed that Guy's eyes were fixed on the ceiling?—Editor.

<sup>38</sup> We don't remember that we ever struck that sentiment in any of Shakspeare's plays, but it's true enough to human nature to be worthy of a place in every one of them.—Editor.



## A FREE SHOW.

'Twas a SHAD-  
 Ow on the wall;  
 But it had  
 'Em, that was all.

At the door  
 They stood at night,  
 On the floor  
 She put the light.

Gratis, free,  
 The show went on  
 'Twas Love's Ste-  
 Reopticon.

Quite slim would Guy with his good looks have fared,  
If he had merely stood and stared about;  
Besides the wrath of fiercer men he'd dared  
Than Rudolph e'er could be, beyond a doubt;  
For oft, e'er drummer has his trade announced,  
He stands a brilliant chance of being bounced.<sup>39</sup>

The supper at an end, they went once more  
Unto the dancing room, where quickly Guy  
Again with Lida whirled upon the floor  
So gracefully they almost seemed to fly.<sup>40</sup>  
On Rudolph Lida looked as on a bore,  
And tried to give him often the go-by,  
For Rudolph surely was a frightful dancer,  
A sort of clumsy and high-stepping prancer.<sup>41</sup>

But e'en enchanting balls will reach an end;  
They're trifles that must fade away with night;  
And home his way does party-goer wend  
Just ere the sky is touched with morning's light;<sup>42</sup>  
Gaslight and sunlight somehow will not blend,  
And so the day puts dancers all to flight;

<sup>39</sup> We think we should have been a drummer ourselves, if the business had not been open to that objection. We have confidence enough in our silvery eloquence to feel sure that we could convince any man; but what's the good of eloquence if a fellow sets his dog on you as soon as you open his gate, or eliminates you from his store with his boot before you have said good morning?—Editor.

<sup>40</sup> There is a sort of aerial motion about a pair of graceful dancers, but it is not usually exhibited immediately after supper, if the dancers have had any sort of luck in getting at the oysters and things.—Editor.

<sup>41</sup> And well she might. Those clumsy dancers should practise at Walhalla Hall. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is the true rule.—Editor.

<sup>42</sup> Evidently a paraphrase of the words of the old song: "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." We have our eyes open, and the author must expect to be found out in all his attempts to appropriate old ideas.—Editor.

Therefore, as morn was breaking o'er the town,  
Came to an end this party of Miss Brown.<sup>43</sup>

Homeward the steeds Rudolph and Lida bore,  
But he seemed in a sort of sulky mood;  
His face a scowl through all the journey wore,  
While sternly he the coachman's coat-back viewed;<sup>44</sup>  
And when he left fair Lida at her door,  
His words and manner were extremely rude;  
But Rudolph's scowls to her were no new sight,  
And so she calmly uttered her good night.<sup>45</sup>

Once in her room she dropped into a chair,  
And thought of joys now past, the while the maid  
Brushed back her bangs, undid her knots of hair,  
And then washed her complexion off<sup>46</sup> (cream laid);  
Yet, as her mirror proved she still was fair,  
A smile of triumph on her features played:  
Meanwhile these were Guy's words: "Now I'll be dashed,<sup>47</sup>  
If that Miss Smythe I have not mashed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

<sup>43</sup> No doubt to the great delight of Miss Brown and everybody else concerned—especially her ma and pa, who must have been sighing for their bed for hours. After all, there would be more fun in parties if you didn't have to sit up so long before you could decently go, and if you could only sleep a little between the end of the parties and business hours.—Editor.

<sup>44</sup> A man in the sulks always acts in that manner. He never looks you in the eye. We were *once* sulky ourselves, but then we went and took a Turkish bath. That's a good remedy. Poor people can get a friend to play on them with a hose; the effect is the same.—Editor.

<sup>45</sup> It takes a female to act calmly under such circumstances. The more wrathful you get the cooler she becomes.—Editor.

<sup>46</sup> The author might have left something to the reader's imagination. Besides, why give the girl "dead away"? There are a few men, even in New York City, who believe in the reality of complexions.—Editor.

<sup>47</sup> We presume the necessities of the rhyme saved us from d—d, which we understand that Mr. Beecher has lately remarked he never will be by any college in the land.—Editor.

## AN AMERICAN LARDYDAH.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has, in the *Nineteenth Century*, for May, an article entitled "A Word About America," which contains the following: "The New York *Nation* had the other day some remarks on the higher sort of education in America, which were very curious. 'In America,' says the *Nation*: 'scarcely any man who can afford it likes now to refuse his son a college education if the boy wants it; but probably not one boy in one thousand can say, five years after graduation, that he has been helped by his college education in making his start in life. It may have been ever so useful to him as a means of moral and intellectual culture, but it has not helped to adapt him to the environment in which he has to live and work; or, in other words, to a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork.'"

Mr. Arnold justly calls this a most remarkable declaration and proceeds to moralize thereon. The arithmetic man of the *Nation* was possibly out when this statement was made. Otherwise he might have asked whether out of a total of 9,554 boys who graduated last year (including professional schools), as reported by the Bureau of Education, only nine boys and a-half were "helped in making their start in life." This is bad for our clergymen, lawyers and doctors. It seems reasonable to infer that the "environment" of the *Nation* does not include a society in which education of any kind serves as a means of adaptation. As soon as these terrible facts become known the attendance upon our colleges will dwindle and they will finally be swept out of existence. We dare not speak of that recondite mystery "who has the manners and cultivation of a gentleman," but no wonder that Mr. Arnold is surprised that out of a population of fifty million souls (25,352,000 males) a bare 253½ eat with a fork or change their shirts more than once a week. Making an allowance of 3½ for the editorial staff of our gilt-edged contemporary,

there remain but 250 of the elect who have made some slight advance in civilization. Let us hope that the vision of the *Nation* may be somewhat impaired by its solitary contemplation of Charles Francis Adams.—*Washington Republic*.

"LOOK heah, boss, I wants de law on Miss Matilda Snowball," said Jim Webster, as he entered the office of Justice Gregg, and with his hooked finger dashed beads of perspiration as large as pecans from his brow. "What did she do?" "She am de lady who bust two holes in my banjo." "On purpose?" "Ob course she did. Ef she didn't mean to bust dem ar two holes in de banjo, what for did she hold up her two sharp-pinted elbows when I tried to bang her ober her black cocoanut wid de banjo fur gibben me sass?"—*Texas Siftings*.

It isn't polite to take home your old snag-tooth after the dentist has jerked it out. Extracted teeth are, very properly, the dentist's perquisites. They bring thirteen cents a pound, the dust from tooth-bone being superior to that of other bones. It is used for fertilizing flowers. And how nice it is to have your wife's teeth, when they are bad, turned into the fragrance of roses! Even a man's mother-in-law can be utilized through the dentist, and be made to gladden the life of her son with her bloom.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

OUR Government has no call to interfere in the Egyptian quarrel so long as Arabi Pasha is at large; but should he give any indication of coming to this country to play "Hamlet," nothing short of the most vigorous preventive action will satisfy the nation.—*Boston Transcript*.

"GOOD HEALTH" says that the popular notion that red flannel is a specific for rheumatism is a mistake. Now let some medical journal explode the idea that it is good for making boarding-house pies.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

"EVERY man is architect of his own fortune," but there's a great diversity in the styles of architecture.—*Andrew's American Queen*.

A POUND PARTY—a muscular performer on the pianoforte.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

## "NONE NAME THEE BUT TO PRAISE."

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 3, for the Summer of 1882, contains humorous sketches, illustrated by Keppler, Oppen, Graetz, Gillam and others. The matter is wholly original, neither the reading nor illustrations being reprints.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

PUCK ON WHEELS is out for the Summer of 1882. It is the most hilarious epidemic extant. It is also infectious—that is, when one man sees it in the hands of another he goes and catches a case of it for a quarter. When he catches it he is immediately prostrated with joy, and has to be borne home to the bosom of his family on a palanquin. We take great pleasure in recommending it to the public as a Watering-Place Guide, a Preventive of Malaria, a method of French Without a Master, and a new way of Conciliating Old Creditors. Gems of art, which would make an old fellow lie down on the airy sward and kick in childish glee, may be seen on any and every page. They are from the pencils of Keppler, Gillam, Oppen and Graetz.—*Philadelphia Mirror*.

PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882 is out. It contains many articles that will be read with great pleasure throughout the country. It is advertised as a cure for malaria, and as a Summer resort guide, which it is in every particular. Among others, "Dummy and Damozel" is particularly entertaining, and reflects great credit upon the trenchant pen of B. B. Vallentine. Then we have "The Professional Humorist," "The Snake Charmer" and "A Lively Guest," by R. K. Munkittrick. There is much to praise in the verses of PUCK ON WHEELS this year, as well as in the illustrations by Keppler, Gillam, Oppen, Bunner, Vallentine and others. "Nipped in the Bud," by George H. Jessop, is an exquisite poem that discounts Frederick Locker. W. J. Henderson has an article that holds the reader like a rope. Taking it all in all, we think this the best number of PUCK ON WHEELS yet issued. Price twenty-five cents. For sale everywhere.—*New York Sunday Courier*.

A prominent and reliable authority says: the Swayne's Ointment is especially suited for Skin Diseases.

### CASTORIA.

When the milk curdles, baby will cry,  
When fever sets in, baby may die,  
When baby has pains at dead of night,  
Household alarm! father in a plight;  
Then good mothers learn without delay  
That CASTORIA cures by night and day.

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READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.  
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.  
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.  
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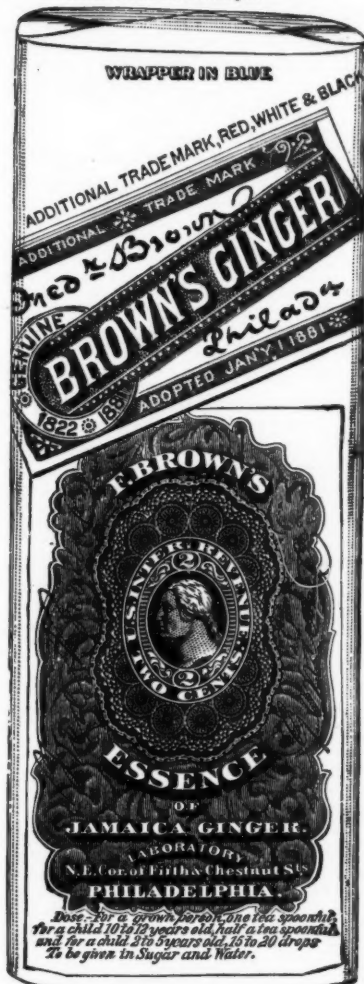
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## DIFFIDENCE.

"I'm after axin', Biddy, dear,"  
And then he stopped a while,  
To fringe his words the merest mite  
With something of a smile—  
A smile that found its image  
In a face of beauteous mould;  
Whose liquid eyes were peeping  
From a broidery of gold.

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy, dear,  
If"—then he stopped again,  
As if his heart had bubbled o'er  
And overflowed his brain;  
His lips were twitching nervously  
O'er what they had to tell,  
And timed their quavers with the eyes  
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come"—and then he took her hands  
And held them in his own,  
"To ax," and then he watched the buds  
That on her cheeks had blown.  
"Me purty dear," and then he heard  
The throbbing of her heart,  
That told how love had entered in  
And claimed its every part.

"Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,  
With just the faintest sigh:  
"I'm far from blind; I see you've come,  
But what's the reason why?"  
"To ax"—and once again the tongue  
Forbade its sweets to tell—  
"To ax—if Mrs. Mulligan  
Has any pigs to sell?"

—Wade Whipple, in Rome Sentinel.

SOME one suggests luminous key-holes. The idea is not a bad one. The only objection we can see to it is that some men, when they come rolling home in the morning, would insist on unlocking the street lamps, under the impression they were key-holes. —Oil City Blizzard.

A FASHION journal says that "men's night-gowns are made with pockets in them." If somebody will now proceed to invent an India-rubber flask that will not be injured by rolling on it, night-gowns will become the great Summer resort. —Chicago Tribune.

GEORGE WASHINGTON's will is still preserved in the clerk's office in Fairfax County, Virginia, and last week a lawyer from Chicago happened to see it and went right out to coax some of the heirs to contest it. —Burlington Hawkeye.

WHEN Jeff Davis met Ocky Wilde he didn't say anything to the apparel agitator about the reform in dress he undertook some years ago, when Wilde was in short clothes. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

BECAUSE the "Living Skeleton" has died a sudden death that is no reason for David Davis to be over-anxious about his health. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

A WESTERN paper seems to think that smoke-stack is not a good word to use in a poem. These Western folks are getting to be mighty particular. —Boston Post.

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Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

When you go home late, take a bottle of German Corn Remover to your wife and it will make her happy. 25 cents.

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110 Reade Street, New York.

"If you will send me the *Wasp* I will paint  
you a plaque," said a woman with streaks of  
gray in her hair and a boarding-house kind of  
manner.

"What is a plaque, madam?"

"A painting, round; painted on a wooden  
plate."

"Is it a landscape with some blue Alsatian  
mountains, about four miles away, leaning af-  
fectionately over a farmhouse with a gable roof  
in the immediate foreground?"

"Yes."

"Is there a small, mountain-shadowed lake  
stretching away about four inches into the blue  
horizon, and a 'Great Eastern' yacht with a  
giant navigator resting dreamily on its placid  
surface?"

"Yes."

"Do the trees rise up in soft, dewy herbac-  
eousness, with large, beautiful leaves on them,  
two sizes larger than the door of the house?"

"Yes, yes; where did you see it?"

"And is there a man on the fence with an  
eight-foot mastodon dog at his feet perspect-  
ively wondering how in thunder a boat like  
that can sail o'er the glass-like rim of a two-  
foot puddle without running aground six times  
in six minutes?"

"Yes; the very one."

"Well, we have one of those. We've been  
using it for fire-wood all Winter, and some of it  
is in the wood-box yet, and, as seventeen young  
ladies are painting some more of it for us—"

But there was an artistic flirt and an indig-  
nant flutter, and the plaques was only repre-  
sented by the reverberations of a four-horse  
power slam of the door.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

THE first Texas bale of cotton has been picked  
and shipped. From now on, for the next three  
months, we will have a shower of first bales all  
over the State. It would vary the monotony  
just a little to have a premium offered for the  
first Spring boil, or for the first boy who tum-  
bles out of a pecan tree, or to the first politi-  
cian who wants an office for the money there  
is in it. The first bale is a great thing, no  
doubt, and everybody should raise several of  
them, but they become a trifle monotonous in  
time.—*Texas Siftings.*

SCENE in a Colorado newspaper office: Man-  
aging editor to the telegraph editor:—"Any-  
thing new in the state specials to-night?"  
Telegraph editor to managing editor:—"No,  
nothing important—stabbing at Leadville, rail-  
road accident at Bonanza, fire at Durango,  
poisoning case at Pueblo, shooting affair at  
Boulder, but no lynching or murders—nothing  
important."—*Denver Tribune.*

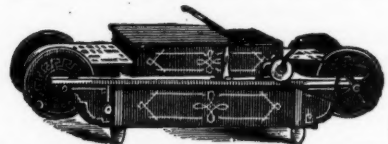
FROM the persistency with which the *Hawkeye*  
man writes about young fellows being kicked off  
front porcos by enraged parents, we can't help  
wondering what sort of a time he had when he  
was courting.—*Boston Post.*

How WOULD the world have been affected if  
the freight-handlers had struck when Noah was  
loading up the Ark?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

**DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE SICK,**  
But if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It  
may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing.

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girls suffer no more than those of other cities.  
There are painful sensibilities that nothing can  
cure so thoroughly as Dr. Benson's Celery and  
Chamomile Pills, and every nervous girl should  
use them.

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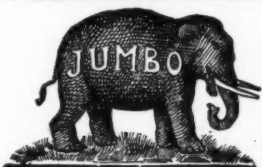
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A GAMBLER who died in Leadville the other day had a bigger brain than Daniel Webster. This partially reconciles us to the loss of that \$2. There's no use trying to buck an institution presided over by a man with a bale of intellect as big as the combined cerebrum of three statesmen.—*Laramie City Boomerang*.

A LADIES' journal announces that a marked change will take place this Fall in the fashion of arranging ladies' hair. We are given no hints as to the character of the innovation, but it is suspected that instead of hanging the hair over the back of a chair at night, upon retiring, it will be suspended from a nail in the ceiling.—*Norristown Herald*.

VICTOR HUGO says: "God made the finger of woman, and while He slept the devil awoke and put a nail at the end of it." Victor may be laboring under a delusion—and we think he is; but it is certain that man made the pins she wears about her waist.—*Norristown Herald*.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effects on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

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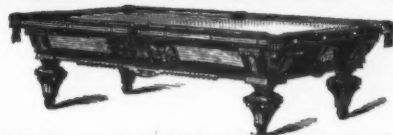
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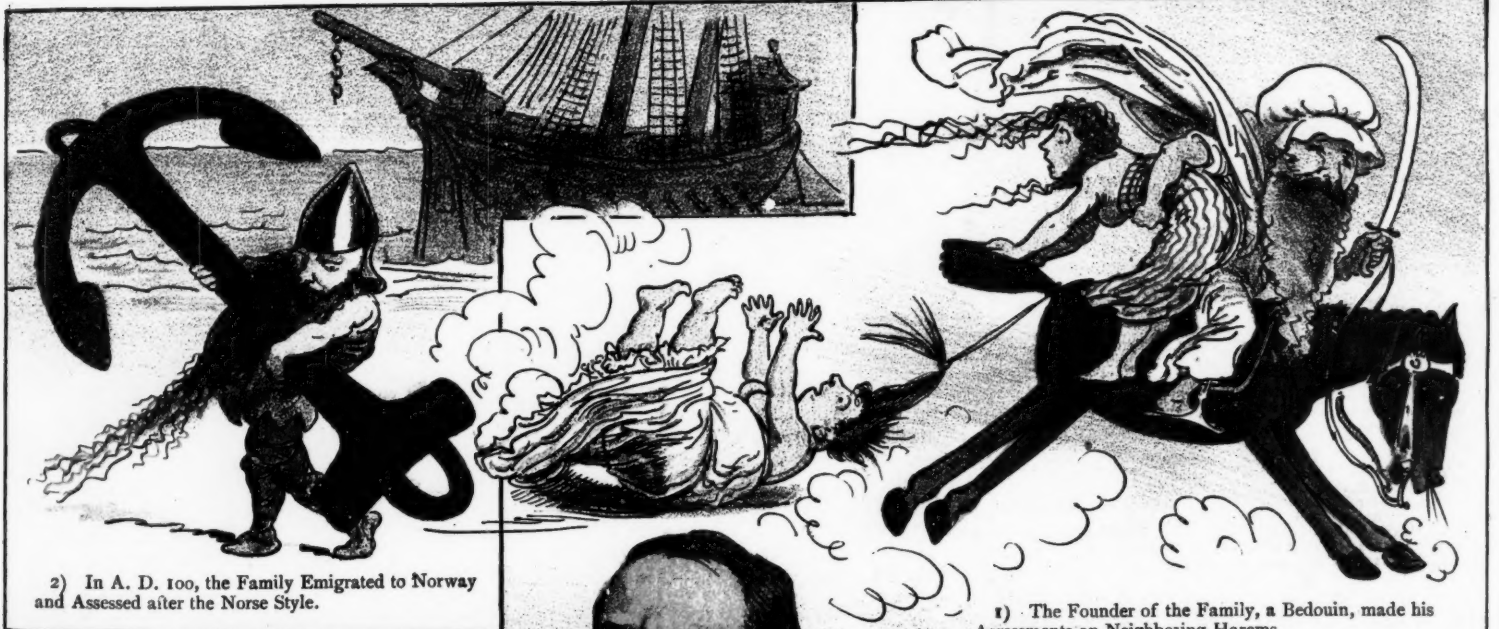


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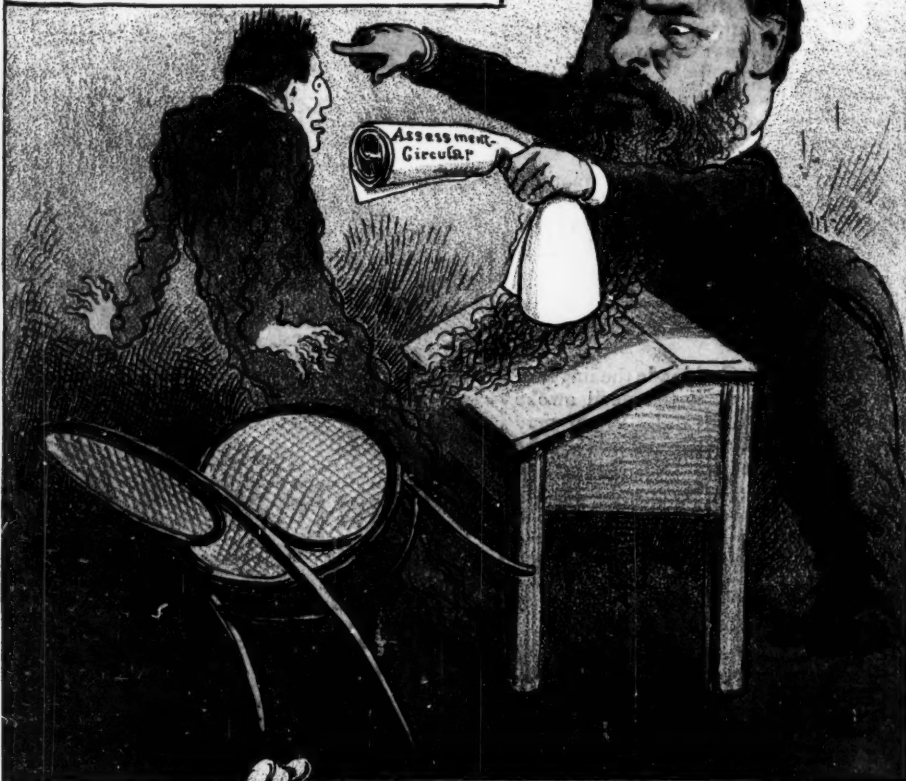
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